## **Elevators (Me & You)**

## **OutKast**

One, one, one for the money, yes

One, one, one for the money, yesOne, one, one for the money yes, uhh, two for the show

A couple of years ago on Headland and Delowe

Was the start of somethin good

Where me and my nigga rodes the MARTA, through the hood

Just tryin' ta find that hookupNow, everyday we look up at the ceilin'

Watchin' ceilin' fans go around tryin ta catch that feelin'

Off instrumental, had my pencil, and plus my paper

We caught the 86 Lithonia headed to DecaturWritin' rhymes tryin' ta find our spot off in that light

Light off in that spot, known that we could rock

Doin' the hole in the wall clubs, this shit here must stop

Like freeze, we makin' the crowd move but we not makin' no G's

And that's a nonoYeah, uhh, check it, ahh one two, ahh one two doe, niggaz

In the Cadillac they call us went from Player's Ball to ballers

Puttin' the South up on the map was like Little Rock to bangin'

Niggaz say motherfuck that playin', they payin'We stay in layin' vocals, locals done made it with them big boys

Up in dis industry, Outkast yea, dem niggaz they makin' big noise

Over a million sold to this day, niggaz they take it lightly

Ninety six gon be that year that all y'all playa haters can bite me

Around this bitchMe and you, your momma and your cousin too

Rollin' down the strip on vogues

Comin' up slammin' Cadillac doz

Me and you, your momma and your cousin too

Rollin' down the strip on vogues

Comin' up slammin' Cadillac dozBack in the day when I was younger, hunger

Lookin' to fill me belly with that Rally's, bullshit, pull shit

Off like it was supposed to be pulled

Full as a tick I was, stoned like white boys

Smokin' them white golds before them blunts got krunk, chunky asses

Passes gettin' thrown like Hail Mary's and they lookin' like Halle BerrySo so fine, intertwined, but we ain't sippin' wine

We's just chillin', I'm the rabid villain, and I'm so high

Smokin' freely, me Lil B, Greet, Mon and Shug

And my little brother James, thangs changed in the hood

Where I live at, them rats know, mama I want to sing butMama I want to trick, and mama I'm suckin' dick, now

We movin' on up in da world like elevators

Me and the crew we pimps like eighty two

Me and you like Tony Toni Tone, yeah, yeah

Like this Eastpointe and we goneMe and you, your momma and your cousin too

Rollin' down the strip on vogues Comin' up slammin' Cadillac doz Me and you, your momma and your cousin too

Rollin' down the strip on vogues Comin' up slammin' Cadillac dozGot stopped at the mall the other day, heard a call from the other way

That I just came from, some nigga was sayin' somethin'

Talkin bout "Hey man, you remember me from school?"

Naw not really but he kept smilin' like a clown

Facial expression lookin' silly And he kept askin' me, "What kind of car you drive? I know you paid

I know y'all got buku of hoes from all them songs that y'all done made

And I replied that I had been goin through tha same thing that he had

True I got more fans than the average man

But not enough loot to last me to the end of the weekI live by the beat like you live check to check

If you don't move yo' foot then I don't eat, so we like neck to neck

Yes we done come a long way like them Slim ass cigarettes

From Virginia, this ain't gon stop so we just gonna continueMe and you, your momma and your cousin too

Rollin' down the strip on vogues

Comin' up slammin' Cadillac doz

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